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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### JUNE.

She stands beside the country road.  
So fair, and shy, and sweet,  
Just where a little brook runs by  
Almost across her feet;  
She's never known the city ways,  
She's country-born and bred, you know,  
No matter what the fashion is,  
She wears her fresh green gown.  
Sometimes behind the meadow-bars,  
All wet with shining dew,  
Or right across the old stone wall  
She'll nod and smile at you.  
She's country-born and bred, you know,  
And always rather wild,  
But those who see her sweet pink face  
Love well this wayward child.  
Then hurry now and find her there  
Before she leaves the lane,  
For not until another year  
Will she come back again.  
So fresh and fair, with winning grace—  
She goes, alas! too soon;  
Surely you'll love her when you find  
The sweet wild rose of June.  
—Ada Stewart Shelton.

## STORY TELLER.

### A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

In as nearly his own language as I can remember it, this is the story, and I have no doubt the true story, that Peter Landis, a clerk of the East St. Louis stock yards, told to me.

People who picture a bloodhound as a mastiff magnified about two diameters, tawny colored, with a muzzle like a keg, and paws the size of small hams, have derived their idea from Uncle Tom's Cabin troupes, and know nothing about the real article. Bloodhounds are used in the penal institutions of all the southern states, but nowhere as extensively as in Texas, where the raising of them and their sale to sheriffs and wardens forms quite an industry. I happen to know a good deal about the beasts, although I was never a dog fancier or an officer. The truth is, I was a convict.

I look back on it with sorrow, but without shame, for I was convicted of something I do not consider a crime. I had been employed as a cow puncher on a ranch south of Fort Worth, on the Rio Grande, and we were taking a bunch of cattle north to the Panhandle district. At a little town called Hapman Junction a sheriff's posse stopped us to search for some stolen horses, and one of the deputies aimed my pony. I had raised the animal from a colt, but the deputy was obstinate, so we had words, and he finally snatched up a Winchester. I protest I had no wish to hurt the man, but I believed I was in danger, and, to make a long story short, I shot him in the shoulder, was arrested, tried, and, in spite of all my friends, could do, sentenced to the Northern penitentiary for two years. The charge was "assault with intent to do great bodily harm," and there was considerable prejudice against cowboys in the place where I was tried.

I had never been a bad young fellow, and this was heartbreaking to me, but I had still my self-respect and determined to serve out my sentence patiently. The penitentiary was at Huntsville, 400 miles away by rail, and there were eighteen of us to go. The method used in transporting us is the method still in vogue in Texas, and I challenge penal history, with the exception of that of the galleys of Toulon, to furnish a parallel to it in brutality. Iron collars, weighing at least five pounds, were riveted around our necks, we were stood in double file and then yanked, two and two, to a long chain that ran down the center. Imagine a vertebra with eighteen ribs, and one has a fair idea of the arrangement, but no words can convey the sense of degradation, the brutalizing horror and shame that even the most callous feel upon becoming part of this sad and sinister procession. Handcuffs were snapped on each man and, bending and stumbling under our chains, we were driven through the jeering crowds up to a smoking car side-tracked for us, and the journey began.

It was a terrible one. The central chain was long enough to stretch from seat to seat as we sat, two abreast and nine rows deep, but if one man moved his head he would jerk the necks of those before and behind him, and a quiver would pass along the whole line. In fact, the last two men were chained up so short that they could barely sit on the extreme edge of their seat by craning their necks as far front as possible, and in this posture they rode the whole 400 miles. To sleep was out of the question, and when one moved the whole clanking, miserable mass moved with him. We got some bread

and meat once on the trip, which lasted exactly twenty-hours.

When we finally reached Huntsville, I was trembling like a child, tears of sheer agony were running down my face, and I tried as best I could with my manacled hands to hold the cruel collar away from my neck, which it had chafed raw. The rest of the men were in scarcely better shape, and our joints were so stiff from sitting nearly motionless for a day and a night, that we could with difficulty walk. As we were getting out of the car, I stumbled and pulled over another man, half strangling myself at the same time. Instantly the nearest guard rained down a soother of kicks upon me.

"I've noticed you shamming," he shouted. "Wait till we get you in the walls."

"The walls" was the slang name for the prison, and this little episode fixed my status. I was reported as a sly, cunning rascal, fond of subterfuge, and in this light my conduct was viewed, and all my little mistakes and failures were prejudged. It was not long before the constant misery of my life blotted out every sentiment except a dull determination to escape at the first opportunity.

I was put to work for a while in the stove factory at Huntsville, but as the summer opened a gang of us were let out to a contractor to work in a wood camp about fifty miles away.

"Be careful of this man," said one of the deputies, pointing me out to the contractor; "he's a slick conniver and apt to make you trouble."

"I'll bore a hole through him if he does," replied the other.

So with this recommendation I was introduced to the camp. It lay in the midst of a thick belt of woods, and was guarded by a cordon of sentries, exactly as a military post. The men slept in log barracks, and the work consisted altogether of chopping and cording. The tasks were severe, the punishments excessive, and the food and sanitary arrangements of the place abominable. Although chains and shackles were dispensed with, there were no escapes, for not only were the guards instructed to fire unhesitatingly in such a case, but in one corner of the camp was a kennel containing twenty bloodhounds.

None of the convicts were allowed to give these dogs food or become familiar with them on pain of a lashing, but I often saw them, and they looked very much like setters, dead liver colored, small in size and sleek of hide, with rather sharp pointed noses. There was nothing at all formidable about their appearance, but dreadful stories were circulated of their ferocity.

Fall was coming on, and it was getting cold, when one evening I escaped. It was unexpected. I had gravitated into a water carrier, and had gone, just about dusk, to a spring near the outskirts of the camp. As I neared it the guard at that point passed me and said as he passed me: "Jim, I am glad you're here. I've been feeling sick." Then it flashed on me that he mistook me in the gloom for the relief guard; it was a chance that might never come again. I dropped my bucket and quickly walked away.

Now, this was my position; I was in a wood in a strange, thinly settled country that I did not know. I had convict's stripes on my back, and not a cent or a weapon in my pocket, and I knew that my absence was sure to be discovered in less than an hour, when the roll would be called. They were long chances, but death, it seemed to me, would be preferable to recapture and punishment. The thing was to put as much space as possible between myself and the camp before the alarm, and I plunged ahead, taking a southeasterly direction from the stars. I chose the thick of the wood rather than the open, for from the time I passed the guard the bloodhounds had never been out of my mind on instant, and I knew that the trees would seriously embarrass the riders who follow the pack. It is generally supposed that bloodhounds track and tree fugitives for hours before the pursuing party comes up, but as a matter of fact, the riders always aim to be right on the flanks of the dogs. There was a good deal of underbrush and it was hard progress, but excitement kept me up, and I never passed until I reached a clearing a good six miles away, where I threw myself down and listened. The wind was still yet, the night was full of interminable stir of the woods, the flutter of leaves, the snapping of twigs, and the scamper of some belated squirrels, and in every sound I fancied I could hear the faint, far-baying of the hounds. Stories I had heard in camp of the savage beasts swarming over poor wretches and

tearing them open as they fought, came back to me, and every revolting detail leaped into horrid picturing in my mind until my scalp began to creep and sweat started out all over me like water. It had grown very dark, but I dived into the wood again, thrusting my hands in front of me to keep the branches out of my eyes.

I kept on pretty steadily all night, and when morning dawned it found me on the fringes of the wood belt, with a sparsely grown, undulating country before me. There was a thicket near by; I crept into it and panted there for a while. I was a dead tired, and my feet were swollen so that my shoes seemed bursting; but I could not sleep for the haunting thought of those dogs yelping along my trail, and getting nearer and nearer. I made a club from the limb of a tree, and dragged myself on. It would be tedious to rehearse the experiences of that day and the next in detail. I was weakened by punishment and bad food, and fatigue began to tell terribly upon me. I slept in uneasy snatches, waking with a start, and took extraordinary pains to break my trail, swinging from branches of trees and jumping from stumps. My brain was so distraught and preyed upon that often I stopped stock still with the agonizing conviction that the hounds were right behind me, and at times I could make sure I saw them crashing through the underbrush. On the second day, when I was half famished, I managed by great good luck to knock over a rabbit, and ate some of it raw, carrying the rest with me. On the third day I had as yet seen no house, but struck into a disused road, which made me hopeful that there were some habitation near. I had determined to throw myself on the mercy of the first man I met.

It must have been about noon, while I was passing through a well wooded strip, that I heard a mournful note that made my heart stand still. It was no hallucination this time, but the unmistakable wail of bloodhounds that I had heard often enough from their kennel in the camp. As I stood there, terror stricken and thrilling, the baying sounded again, now right at hand, and an instant later, three dogs appeared over a little rise and made straight at me. There was no tree near that was large enough to bear me, so I gripped my bludgeon and prepared to fight. But when the dogs came within a dozen feet they stopped and began to fawn and wag their tails. They were hounds from the camp—they were the Lone Star collar—but it was plain they wanted to be friends even with such a poor wretch as I. Then I noticed that the brutes were starved and trembling and threw them half my rabbit. By the time they devoured it I was patting their heads and they were licking my hands.

My theory was then, and is now, that early in the chase the rest of the hounds took the wrong trail, and these three alone stuck to the right one. Their famished condition lent itself to this conclusion, at any rate. I never saw or heard of the rest of the pack or any of the guards. But I soon found that bloodhounds are not to be despised as traveling companions, for I wandered aimlessly for eight days longer, and had it not been for them, would most certainly have starved. They ran down rabbits for me, and one day, by great chance or dexterity, caught a wild turkey, and thus we managed to keep alive. At night we all slept in a heap, and the dogs kept me warm. Moreover, I knew that it would be impossible for any one to surprise me before they would give the alarm.

On the eleventh day out, I and my three bloodhounds walked into a cow camp, and when the goodnatured cow punchers heard my story and satisfied themselves that I had been one of them once upon a time, they undertook to spirit me over the state line. I hated to part with the dogs, for we had conceived a great esteem for each other; but the cowboys kept them as loot, and I afterward learned, sold one of them for \$75 to an English tourist. After a couple of months of vicissitudes I made my way north, and, although the authorities of Texas have assured me that there will be no effort made to prosecute or rearrest me, I had never had any craving to revisit the Lone Star State.—*New York Sun.*

### Mr. G. Schutt's Appointments.

July 1st.—Catskill, N. Y.  
8th.—Stottsville, N. Y.

### The Passengers in the Gray Cloak.

"When I was a young fellow," said Mr. Thomas Bullion of the well-known firm of Bullion, Silverley & Co., "I was the most positive man alive—never let anybody else say a word when once I'd made up my mind about anything. If I'd heard Nelson talk about sea-fights or Soyer about cooking, I'd have been sure to contradict them, and make out I knew more about it than they did. Somebody said once to my poor brother Jack, the lawyer—who was rather a dictatorial sort of a chap himself—that he did well to lay down the law, for he certainly hadn't gained much by taking it up. But I was every bit as bad as he was, and worse too."

Mr. Bullion brought out his last confession with that self-complacent emphasis wherewith an Englishman will sometimes own himself guilty of things which, if laid to his charge by any other man, would probably impel him to punch that other man's head on the spot.

"You know that story," he proceeded, "about the argumentative man who, hearing a watchman calling out under his window one bitter January night, 'Past one o'clock, and a fine starlight morning!' jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, threw it up, and bawled out to him, 'Yes, but is it past one o'clock?' Well, sir, that's just the sort of fellow I was when I first started; but I've had a lesson about contradicting and being positive that will me all my life."

"This was how it happened. One cold morning in the early spring (I don't exactly remember what year it was, but anyway more years ago than I'd particularly care to count now), I was going into the city as usual by omnibus. There were four or five other men in the same line of business as myself, who generally went in about the same time as I did; and when I got into the bus that morning, I found the whole of 'em together. The only man there that I didn't know was a queer-looking chap who sat in the far corner, with his hat so pulled down over his eyes, and the collar of his gray cloak so turned up round his neck, that his face could hardly be seen at all; and he kept so still that I made sure he must be asleep, and thought no more about him."

"Well, we all began talking, and somehow or other we came round to the battle of Waterloo, and there got up a dispute about whether the gate of Haugoumont had really been shut against the French by one man or not. Sam Lockitt, of Lockitt & Redwood (he's dead now, poor fellow!) stuck out that it had, and I, of course, contradicted flat, and said that it was all bosh, and that no one man could be strong enough to do it."

"Ah, we all know your ways, Tom," says Sam; "you'd say black was white if anybody else said it wasn't. Did you happen to be engaged at Waterloo yourself without knowing it?"

"Never you mind," says I; "if I wasn't, I've known them that were, or that have met others who were, which is the same thing."

"Of course it is," says Sam, winking at the rest. "Why, Tom, you're as good as that countryman in the story, who, when they asked him if he'd ever seen the King replied, 'No, I never saw the King, but I've got a cousin as once coom very nigh seein' the Dook of Wellington.'"

"Well, then, I got quite savage, for in those days I could never being laughed at; but before I could break out, one of the other fellows struck in suddenly:

"Look here; we're just three to three—Sam and we two against Tom and you two. This gentleman here," (pointing to the man in the gray cloak) "has the casting vote. Beg pardon, sir; which way do you say it was?"

"The gray-cloaked man turned his head slowly round, just like that moving wax figure in Madame Tussaud's, and said, in a sharp, chopping kind of voice, as if he were giving orders to cut somebody's head off: 'One man shut the gate. It was Colonel McDonnell.'"

"Oh, indeed," says I. 'You don't happen to be a friend of Colonel McDonnell, do you? or perhaps you're Colonel McDonnell himself, and we're to take your own word that you did it, I suppose? What do you know about Waterloo, I should like to know?'"

"The man never answered a word, but turned down the collar of his cloak, lifted his hat about an inch off his head, and looked me full in the face."

"Talk of being hit by a thunderbolt! If half a dozen thunderbolts had gone down my throat, one after the other, I couldn't have been more utterly floored. This man whom I'd been contradicting, and bawling, asking what he knew about Waterloo, was the Duke of Wellington himself!"

"I've never been positive since that day, and, what is more, I don't think I ever shall again."—*The Church Year.*

### The Vanderbilt Boys.

THE LITTLE EXPERIENCE THEY HAD IN WALL STREET ONCE UPON A TIME.

The Vanderbilts are in truth "out of Wall street," says the *New York Graphic*.

They have all had a little experience there, however, and perhaps Cornelius and William K., who are now at the head of the family, paid rather dearly for the last lesson they learned in the street. It was a number of years before the death of their father, William H. Vanderbilt. He had been so much engrossed by his business matters that his health failed him and he was compelled to run off for a rest of a few months in Europe.

During his absence the two young men went deep into the market in Wall street, and a syndicate of speculators started to squeeze a big pile of money out of the two fellows. They succeeded beyond their most sanguine anticipations, and in the course of the month the two Vanderbilts found probable ruin staring them in the face. Their father heard of it on the other side of the ocean, and he hurried back to their relief. When he arrived he found them up to their necks in stocks that could not be unloaded and in losing engagements that could not be canceled. It cost the old gentleman, if street rumors are any way near correct, a couple of million to get the two brothers out of their entanglements and then he promptly banished the present William K. to a farm on Long Island and put Cornelius on so small an allowance that he could speculate no more.

When William H. had fixed up the affairs of his two hopeful sons he was told that Fred, another of the boys, was also in financial straits. Mr. Vanderbilt had been annoyed by the action of Cornelius and William K., for they had been considered the steady and staid members of the family, but the announcement that Fred had been swept into the whirlpool of unprofitable speculation did not surprise the old gentleman. Fred, who is now a good deal given to business and quiet ways, was then just a little inclined to be a successful man-about-town, and the father knew it. Still, as the old gentleman was in the settlement business, he decided to get through with it, and so he sent for Fred.

He was very stern, was William H., when his young son came in and bade him good morning in a rollicking, careless and affectionate tone. But he could not keep angry with Fred, for the young fellow was his mother's image, and had inherited her lovable, amiable ways, and was not a bit like the other boys, who took their traits from the sturdy old commodore.

"I hear you've been dabbling in Wall street speculations since I went away, just as your two elder brothers have," said the father.

"Yes," answered Fred, "I have been doing a little in that line."

Well, I suppose I might as well settle your losses now, as I have done those of your equally smart brothers. I will have to do it smart, I am sure, sooner or later, and I want to do it now."

"Don't worry about me," replied the young man. "I don't need any help."

"Don't need any help!" cried William H. "Why, who will pay your losses if I don't? Eh?"

"I haven't any losses," murmured Fred, sweetly, "for as soon as I found Willie and Cornell were on one side of the market in the speculations, I just climbed in on the other side, and I tell you I gathered them in at a great rate. Some of the money you checked out this morning to cover their losses will go to increase my own bank account. I am much obliged to you for your offer, but you see I got the bulge on your two sons whom you esteemed paragons of business."

And then Fred laughed gleefully; so did William H. himself, and then Fred went away, notwithstanding his winnings, with added gains from his father's check book. The Vanderbilts have not been in a Wall street operation since.

### LEARNING TO COOK.

At the Pratt Institute, recently opened in Brooklyn, there are, besides the art classes, several cooking classes already started, and sewing classes are soon to follow.

These advantages are free to all at a merely nominal price, not enough to pay for even the material used, for the institute is intended for a benefaction to the citizens, such as Cooper Institute is to the residents of New York.

The cooking classes have courses of ten lessons each. The charge is three dollars for a course in the morning classes, and one dollar in the evening classes. It is hoped that people of very limited means may avail themselves of the evening school.

The Saturday morning class is attended mostly by young girls who have only that one day free from school duties, and it is a pretty sight when they gather, with clean, white aprons and bright faces, around their teacher to be instructed at the big range, how to broil a steak, with the steak right there before their eyes, smelling most appetizingly as it browns.

The teacher is a pupil of Maria Parlea, and she repeats the lessons of the New York Cooking School. She is a bright, energetic young woman, and gives her directions clearly and rapidly without wasting a moment or a word. It seems surprising that she can say so much at a lesson, and be so entertaining about it without once losing sight of the object aimed at.

The airy and spacious kitchen is furnished with an immense range, a refrigerator and china closet. There are two long tables, which accommodate ten pupils each, five on a side.

A row of gas-burners is set lengthwise along the middle of the table, and over these are two iron bars on which saucapans or frying-pans are placed at the table is a compartment containing a closet and a deep drawer in which utensils are kept.

At the first lesson of this course, each girl set water to boil in a saucepan over the lighted gas, while it was heating, washed and pared one good-sized potato. This was put into the boiling water, with a pinch of salt. Then she had an onion to cut into very small pieces, which she afterwards fried for ten minutes in lard a little salted, stirring all the time.

Two steaks were cooked on the range, one broiled and one fried, the teacher allowing the girls to turn them, and when done, to season them with pepper and salt. Meanwhile a pan of corn cakes had been mixed and set in the oven.

Each girl mashed her potato when it was done, and seasoned it with hot milk, butter, pepper and salt. The onions were all put together when fried, and poured over one of the steaks.

As each article of food was prepared, it both looked and smelled so temptingly that it must have been good news to the girls when they found that they themselves were expected to feast upon the results of the lesson.

All through the lesson, the untiring young teacher was suggesting, directing and explaining. Here are a few random notes taken from what she said, which may interest the reader.

To saute means to cook in a little fat. The fat should be hot enough for the smoke to rise from the centre before the meat or the potatoes are put in. This is commonly called frying, but frying is really boiling in fat, as with doughnuts or croquettes.

Keep your table as neat as possible. Cook vegetables in as little water as possible, just enough to cover.

Corn bread needs a little flour to give it the tenacious quality of dough, that it may hold in the gases.

Always use a double amount of cream tartar to the soda; if anything, a little more than double of the cream tartar.

It is not the number of strokes, but the rapidity of the stroke that beats the egg.

At one stage of the lesson she asked this question of her girl novices, "Would you dip a steak in a pan of water to wash, or hold it under the faucet?" There was doubt and silence among the girls. They looked at each other and hesitated. At last one spoke up and said, "Dip it in a pan of water." The others looked relieved and nodded as if that were just their opinion also.

"How many would put it in a pan of water?" asked the teacher, graciously. Nearly every hand was raised, but dropped again uncertainly.

This was her point.  
"No, no?" she exclaimed, briskly.

"If you let meat stand in cold water, the blood and nourishment are drawn out, the blood and the money spent is wasted. Keep nice bits of soft cloth in your kitchen. Wring one of these out in water, and wash the meat off with it. In this way you will save the good of your meat. The outside parts which various hands have touched are what chiefly need washing."

To saute meat, put it in a hot pan with a very little fat. This cooks the albumen sears white. As soon as one side is seared, turn the steak. When seared, cook gradually and turn frequently.

When all the things were cooked and eaten, the girls washed and put away the utensils they had used, and went home. If they did as well there as they did in the class, that first lesson was a success.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Artist Prior's Famous Cartoon.

At Tamai, in the Egyptian campaign under Gen. Graham, Mr. Prior came "within an ace" of losing life. "The gallant Forty-second" having been ordered to charge, opened up a gap and advancing in double column. The brunt of the Soudanese attack fell at once on the front of the supporting Sixty-fifth. Prior, who had been hard at work making sketches, was by this change of front left fully exposed to the enemy's fire, and turned towards the Sixty-fifth. They were already retreating, pressed back by the momentum of the fanatics' charge. This left the correspondent in the open, and the brown warriors made a rush for him. They came to within fifteen feet, almost overtaking him. As the foremost Arab launched his spear, it whizzed over Prior's shoulder and transfixed a soldier of the Sixty-fifth immediately in his front.

Prior fell into his proxy's place in the flying ranks, and when the rally was made the native assault was easily repulsed. The column was reformed into a long line and in their advance 4,000 Soudanese were killed and wounded. The rest fled.

After the flurry Prior went to the scene of the deadliest attack and began sketching this famous battlefield. The dying enemy were out of range and the sand was strewn with savage corpses—as he thought.

Suddenly he heard a voice from the rear call out: "Come out of that, Prior; we've just had a man killed there!"

He turned. Within eight feet of him writhed the bloody yet still supple form of a wounded Soudanese. There was a gleam of bloodthirstiness in the fallen chief's eyes, and of triumph at the swift vengeance he already counted sure on one at least of the white invaders. His stabbing spear, a short, heavy weapon, with a broad, double-edged steel blade, and an ironclad butt, was raised in his right hand, ready for the thrust he would in a moment be near enough to make.

One look was enough. Prior "came out of that." And then the British soldiers went over the battlefield and shot every one of the wounded, as a means of self protection. This scene furnished for *The Illustrated News* Mr. Prior's famous cartoon "Killing the Wounded," which excited so much feeling in London that a parliamentary investigation was had into the justification of such "cruelty."—*John Paul Boeck in New York World.*

### Effects of Absinthe Tippling.

The young men are cultivating absinthe, and when the present generation reaches middle age the absinthe tippler will be one of the frequent guests at our hospitals, which are now full of drunkards and narcotic takers. I am now treating a man who has reached the last stage. The effects are fearful. It is a drink that serves as a powerful stimulant at first, but is the most injurious in the end because of its strength. It is easy to drink absinthe to excess, because it requires such a small quantity to do the work.

The intoxication it causes is exhilarating and pleasant, but after it is drunk to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite worn off comes a terrible thirst, with giddiness and a tingling in the ears, mental depression and finally hallucination and loss of brain power.

The symptom of an excessive drinker breaking down are muscular quiverings, loss of physical strength, emaciation and a sallow complexion. Paralysis finally sends him to the grave.—*Physician in Globe-Democrat.*

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# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Mr. D. S. ROGERS, in the latest number of the *American Annals of the Deaf*, suggests that a "Polytechnic Institute for Deaf-Mutes" be established, in order that the deaf shall receive the benefit of thorough training in the more advanced industrial arts which their talents and education may fit them for. He maintains that the list of trades now taught in institutions for the education of the deaf, are only of the most common character, and adapted to suit the large majority, while the exceptional few, with superior capabilities, do not obtain a chance to display or develop them. Mr. Rogers suggests that "painters, sculptors, engravers, architects and chemists," might be produced. All this is true, but it is extremely doubtful if an institution with such varied facilities could be supported, except at very great expense, or if the number of deaf-mutes, who could avail themselves of the benefits of such an establishment, would be large enough to warrant the expenditure.

After spending ten years at an institution in securing an ordinary education, the promises and advantages of a polytechnic institute would need to be as decidedly great as the abilities of those who might knock for admission were evident and pronounced. A separate institute would be very difficult to establish and still more difficult to maintain. We believe it possible for the National Deaf-Mute College to put such an idea into practice; for the reason that the general education is carried forward, and the addition of some practical education would form an incentive to those who otherwise would not make application for admission. The recently published description of the new laboratory building, will bear out the opinion that chemists are even now among the probabilities of a thorough course there.

As for painters, sculptors and architects, it would require teachers of more than ordinary talent in these specialties, as well as material and room, and native genius on the part of the student, to ensure any possibility of success. Instruction facilities in the engraving line would be a doubtful acquisition. Engraving is not the art it once was. The photographic camera and chemical science has driven the erstwhile prosperous engraver to the wall. Nevertheless, it would be pleasing to have the college authorities consider the suggestion of a polytechnic school and, if possible, solve the problem of a really "higher education" for the deaf. Not that the present good work should be depreciated, but that the addition of a practical course would make its benefits more directly manifest not only to the deaf, but to the world at large.

"TALKS AND STORIES FOR THE USE OF THE DEAF," is the title of a neat and attractive volume of more than two hundred pages of pleasing and varied stories, arranged and adapted by W. G. Jenkins, M.A., of the American Asylum for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and published at that Institution under the auspices of the Ellen Lyman Publication Fund. The title explains exactly the scope of the book. Each story is followed by a series of questions upon it, for the purpose of bringing out strongly its prominent features, and in addition are a large number of select questions, and the proper form of answer thereto, upon those every-day topics, which must be clearly understood in order that intercourse may be enjoyed with the outside world. In no other way are the Deaf called upon to use the English language so much as in conversation, and it is only a constant repetition of words and phrases until they become so interwoven with the texture of the brain as to become instinctive, that

the requisite care and accuracy in their use can be attained by them, so that in this careful arrangement, Mr. Jenkins has given to every deaf-mute or foreigner who wishes to become able to use correct language, a most valuable and practical aid. The pleasing selections will not only be highly appreciated by the deaf, whose fondness for stories is proverbial, but also by the teachers of the deaf, for giving them so valuable an instrument for use in the class-room.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Miss E. B. Lowe, of the Indiana Institution, and Mr. R. O. Girard, of Indianapolis, are to be married, on July 2d.

Miss Ella J. Randall, of Rome, N. Y., on her way to Grand Rapids, Mich., paid a visit to Miss Effie A. Hitchcock, of Flint, Mich.

Last April, Mr. Rollin Wells and wife called on the Great "Solid Muldoon," a clever and hospitable newspaper man of Pueblo, Colorado.

Graham White, of Unadilla, Neb., spent Decoration Day in Omaha. He is a barber and is largely patronized because he does not talk so well as he shaves.

Major P. Bicknell, of Saco, Me., has sold his home place and furniture, having received a fair offer for it all. He has taken his personal belongings and moved into town, where he thinks of remaining at present.

"Struggle for Life," was the subject of an interesting lecture given by Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, at the rooms of the Salem, Mass., Society, June 15th. Much to the regret of all the members, this was the last lecture of the season. A course of lectures will be given in the Fall, when it is hoped that there will be a larger attendance.

A telegram was received here yesterday stating that J. H. Lindsay, editor of the *Kennersville, N. C., News and Farm*, had been unanimously elected to a position as teacher at the D. D. & B. Institution, at Stanton, Virginia. He was not an applicant for the place, and it is not certain that he will accept. The honor is one that is well deserving of appreciation.

On Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., Rev. Job Turner was punctual to his appointment in Petersburg, Va., where he was kindly assisted by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, in Grace Church, who would take as deep an interest in the spiritual welfare of the deaf-mutes as Rev. Dr. Gallaudet does, could be understood sign-language as well. Mr. Turner left for Montgomery, Ala., the next day.

Mr. Rollin Wells and wife visited their good friends, Prof. Henry C. White and wife, of Salt Lake City, and they were very glad to see them. Prof. White took Dr. Wells for a good ride behind his spirited trotter, around the city, park and hot sulphur springs. They took a hot swim and felt much refreshed. Doctor will never forget his kind treat and entertainment.

Mr. John Stout, the famous deaf and dumb trick and fancy star rider, of New Jersey, gave his exhibitions, which were wonderful. Mr. Stout has a complete mastery of his machine, and in his performance it is a part of himself. He is a graceful athlete, and his handling and balancing of the machine, mounting and riding in every conceivable way, circling it and jumping it, was something marvellous, and won the frequent applause of the spectators. He appeared in an attractive suit of blue knickerbockers and white jacket, loaded with medals, and his exhibitions added greatly to the interest of the meet.—*Providence, R. I., Bulletin, May 5th.*

Much has of late been said of the success of the Brooklyn Society in securing the accomplished music gentleman, Prof. John B. Hotchkiss, Washington, D. C., to lecture at its room on next Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst., upon which occasion it is thought a large attendance of mutes of Brooklyn and vicinity will be present. At any rate the lecture committee have endeavored to secure the best talent, and that they have succeeded the names of Douglas Tilden, of California, A. A. Barnes, of New York, and now for the 27th inst., Prof. John B. Hotchkiss, speak for themselves. The room of Brooklyn Society is at 198 Grand Street, in one of the finest buildings on the Eastern District.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker have received a very beautifully printed invitation to be present at the commencement exercises at Illinois College. The invitation is from Frank Read, Junior, who graduates this year. He is a son of Rev. Frank Read, teacher in the Illinois Institution. Young Frank's father and mother are both deaf. His father himself, is an industrious student and has in a measure overcome by his intense industry the disadvantages nature has set upon him. He has by his natural encouragement and assistance made sure the successful college course of his son. At past forty years of age he began (we believe) the first book in Latin with his son. Here are our congratulations to both father and son.—*Kansas Star.*

## WANTED.

Parties having Vols. I and II of *The Mute and the Blind*, published by Dr. Skinner at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Clifton, C. W., in 1860-61, and also all the issues of *Now and Then*, subsequent to the 8th, and No. 5, and all subsequent issues of the *Lantern*, published by Farley & Clarke in N. Y. City, will confer a favor by addressing:

THOMAS F. FOX,  
Prospect House, Station J.  
N. Y. City.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Examinations.

### THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

## Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The few last days of the college year are always very busy ones, into which a great many events of little general interest are crowded. First and foremost in the eyes of the student are the examinations, which constitute the one drop of bitterness in the cup of happiness which is metaphorically raised to his lips whenever he thinks of the long vacation before him. Not that there is anything unusually formidable in the examinations, but a student hates examinations on principle, and in sultry weather-like this, reading up in anticipation of them is anything but the pleasantest thing imaginable. The Senior, who depends for his degree upon his success in passing this examination, has at least one satisfaction—the knowledge that this is the last ordeal through which he will be compelled to pass,—and accordingly is regarded with something like envy by the lower class men. Happy fellow!

Examinations began on Friday, the Seniors being examined in Guyot, the Juniors in Physics, the Sophomores in French, the Freshmen in Advanced Algebra, and the Ducks, in Algebra. The day was very hot, and there was hardly a breath of air stirring, so the work was anything but pleasant. All, however, express immense satisfaction with that particular day's work, and we hope that the results when they are announced will occasion no disappointment. The remainder of the examinations will occur on Monday and Tuesday, and to avoid the heat of midday the examinations will begin at eight o'clock in the morning, instead of nine as heretofore. The results of the examination will be announced on Wednesday, degrees will be conferred, and all will leave for home.

Last Sunday afternoon, the President of the College delivered his baccalaureate sermon to a very large assemblage of students, graduates and visitors. The baccalaureate sermon is one of the great features of the close of the year, and is a source of great interest to all. Knowing well the strong impression which the sermons used to make upon the students of other years, it may not be out of place to give a brief synopsis of the sermon for their benefit. The subject of Dr. Gallaudet's sermon was "The Importance of Having an Absolute Standard," the text being Deuteronomy XXV., 13, 14, 15. "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small, nor in thy house divers measures, a great and a small, but thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have: that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." After defining the word *standard* and explaining the importance of the various standards in human transactions, and the necessity for strictly conforming to them, reference was made to standards of conduct and of character. This naturally led to the most important standard of all,—the standard of morals. The most serious of all dangers to any people lies in permitting a low moral standard, and to be established in business, in politics and in social life. Perhaps the most ominous thing observable in our beautiful country is the very marked tendency to conform to a very low standard of honesty, truth, and purity in political and social life, and it is to be feared that this standard is becoming lower every year. Another very striking exhibition of this same tendency is observable in the almost universal desire of young men to get an easy position, where a large salary is paid for little work, and also in the great increase of speculation seen on every hand.

God has given us a moral sense which establishes for us an *absolute* Standard of Right. From strict conformity with this standard of right a great many are drawn away by a desire to secure their own ease, by a temptation to indulge in the pleasures and vices of youth, or by a hope of securing some present advantage, even if it involves some slight dishonesty. To every young man standing upon the threshold of life, this query must come, "What standard of conduct shall I adopt?" He ought not, can not have two; he ought not to have "divers weights and divers measures," he ought not to do the *absolute right* only as long as it seems to be for his advantage, and do wrong when doing right may seem difficult and unpleasant. To do right for its own sake, regardless of consequences, is the only standard of conduct which can meet the approval of God. One of the greatest helps in living up to a high standard of absolute right is the belief in the future life, a belief that this world is but the prelude to a grander and nobler existence. Falsehood, duplicity, and everything that is mean and vile, are utterly incompatible with the expectation of this better life. In Christ, we find the best and truest standard of conduct, and it is only by living up to a standard like

his, that we can hope to fit ourselves for that life beyond the grave. A rejection of this standard means ultimate defeat, even overwhelming and final ruin. And this result will come under the operation of laws that are as fixed and unvarying as those which control the succession of the seasons, or the revolutions and changes of the heavenly bodies. I commend to you this one *Absolute Standard*, the "One among ten thousand and altogether lovely." Strive to imitate him and to follow his precepts, and you will advance fast and far towards the "ideal" in manhood.

The sermon was most attentively listened to by all, and made a deep and lasting impression upon all who paid it the earnest attention it deserved.

## NOTES.

The swimming pool is the Mecca of the tired and perspiring student now-a-days. Some resort to it at five o'clock in the morning, and at almost all hours of the day some one can be found enjoying the coolness of its waters.

We have been treated to some very sudden thunder showers this week, but they do not seem to cool off the air in the least. Indeed, they simply make the weather warmer.

Dr. Gallaudet reached Washington, Friday evening. He came by way of Mentor, O., having attended the marriage of Miss Mary Garfield to Stanley Brown. Mr. J. J. Chickering was one of the groomsmen on this occasion.

With the approach of vacation comes the annual attempt to secure reduced rates for the students. The railroads have made such reductions as they can under the Inter-State Commerce Act, and the students are very well satisfied. Mr. Wight has been very active in securing the reduced rates, and when the students reflect that now is the busiest time of the year for him, his efforts are extremely kind and deserve grateful recognition. Some one has said that deaf-mutes are the most ungrateful people on the face of the earth, and we have too often met with instances which seemed to confirm the opinion. In thus expressing their thanks to the supervisor of the Institution, the students can only make a slight return for his unvarying kindness and courtesy.

The High Class of the Kendall School has been undergoing examination for entrance to the Introductory Class, and we think that it will furnish a very satisfactory quota next fall.

Packing up and putting things away are in order now, and everything is topsy-turvy.

The schedule of city improvements for this year include the paving of Seventh Street from H to I with asphalt. At this rate the march of improvement will reach the College in about the last decade of the millennium.

Prof. Porter will spend the vacation in Connecticut. Prof. Gordon and family will go to Chautauqua, Prof. Fay and family will go to Nantucket, and Prof. Chickering is thinking seriously of going up to the St. Croix to spread havoc among the salmon and other finny denizens of the deep.

Clouds, '86, Chapin, '87, Kerney, '85, Adams, '86, Roberts, formerly '86, and Bell, formerly '88, '89, and '90, were present at the chapel services last Sunday.

VAN.

June 18, 1888.

## Colorado.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We left Cheyenne, Wyoming, last week, and had a pleasant ride through beautiful groves of trees, and much cultivated land all the way to this place. Denver is a very large city, and more beautifully located on the South Platte River than many eastern people imagine. It has many miles of street railroads, one running to Galveston, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Floyd Mount is doing well in the job printing office here. His family are well, and nicely situated. By his industry they are well provided for, and the two children are happy.

Last week the Colorado School for the deaf and blind dismissed for vacation. We saw several of them at the depot on their way home to various parts of the State. They will be pained to hear of the unfortunate accident to one of their number, so soon after the school closed:

CRUSHED BY A WAGON.

A severe accident happened to a little boy named Charlie Stark, a deaf-mute and an employee of the Colorado Springs Gazette press-room, on Monday afternoon. The little fellow was standing in the street when a heavy transfer wagon came up behind him. The driver, not knowing his condition, shouted for him to get out of the way. A bystander noticing the boy's danger beckoned him to run towards him, but the unfortunate boy did not understand the gesture and moved backward right under the horse's hoofs. One of the heavy wheels of the wagon passed over his left foot breaking it very badly at the ankle joint.

Miss Grace Young, having several hours to spare, went up town in quest of Mr. and Mrs. Mount, but could not find them, as they had moved to a new residence. Thus disappointed, she left for home.

We learn that Mr. Simmons, the deaf-mute miner is not doing so well, and that he is nearly "busted," and that his best girl has given him up. Poor fellow, it is ever thus.

Mr. O. J. Kennedy moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, but he is not doing well. He is a printer, but does not seem to secure steady work.

Arthur Dickinson, the "famous tramp," is now in Oregon, and writes to us that he is going to Alaska on a pleasure trip. He will return in the fall and stop in Denver on his way to Nebraska, and will call to see Mr.

Mount. The advice is to beware of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Wheatley, formerly of St. Johns, Ill., have moved to Dayton, Oregon, where they are very much pleased with the country and the climate.

The great Rocky Mountains can be plainly seen west of here covered with snow.

NAPOLEON.

### The Excursion to Cold Spring Grove.

In two weeks the Excursion to Cold Spring Grove will take place. It is proper, therefore, to give a few points about the Grove and the various arrangements made by the Committee, for the benefit of those who are going or have it in contemplation to go.

As to the Grove, we have no doubt that it will please all classes of people. For those who love solitude, there are plenty of shady nooks; for those who love the water, plenty of bathing houses and row boats to accommodate them; for children, merry-go-round and plenty of swings; for the lovers of baseball, good grounds within three minutes walk of the landing place; for those who favor tripping the "light fantastic," a dancing pavilion and Prof. Sause's best music. If you want your picture taken as a souvenir of the occasion, Mr. Randall Douglas, of Gardiner, Mass., will be on hand with his camera; if you want to practice shooting, a man will be there in charge of a target and rifles; if you do not want to be bothered with a lunch basket, you can find plenty to eat and drink either on the boat or at the Grove. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Denniston, the proprietor of the Grove, to be prepared for the occasion. He will have the Grove cleaned up and things put in proper shape, and have a good supply of refreshments.

Now about the Long Branch. The boat is too well-known for description. The 1,100 people on board last year and the near as many the year previous, is a good proof of its being a first-class boat for a first-class excursion. Dancing can be indulged in on the forward deck, with a well arranged programme and musical accompaniments. Lunch baskets, parasols, etc., can be checked at the rate of fifteen cents per head.

The Floor Manager will be Daniel Ward, well-known to our silent community. Possessing the power of hearing and adept in the sign-language, he is well suited to the office. Prof. Thomas F. Fox and John F. O'Brien will be the able assistants. The Floor Committee will consist of ten persons and we have twenty-four names down for the Reception Committee. All are gentlemen, and no gentleman or lady of respect need fear to go.

All persons holding tickets or cash from the sales of same, are requested to bring same to St. Ann's Church, West 18th Street, on Saturday evening, June 23d, as no more tickets will be sold until at the dock on the day of the excursion. It is to prevent confusion and give Treasurer Thompson time to enter the cash receipts in his book and to get tickets together for sale on the docks.

The "Long Branch" leaves her dock, foot of 6th Street, Hoboken, at 7.30 Sharp.

For other particulars note the advertisement. Paste this and the advertisement in your hat for reference.

Now that every arrangement has been almost completed, we urge upon all the deaf-mutes and their hearing friends to try and attend. Every person that goes will add so much more money to the Home. The holding capacity of the Long Branch is 1,600 persons. Let us reach that number, or at least climb over the 1,100 mark attained last year.

In behalf of the Committee,  
Yours respectfully,  
GEORGE S. PORTER,  
Secretary.

### The Exhibition by the Deaf-Mute School.

The exhibition given by the pupils of the deaf and dumb school on Monday, was of a high order, and of a gratifying and pleasing character. It was witnessed by a large number of our citizens, and excited their wonder and astonishment at the remarkable progress made by the pupils in so short a period of time, notwithstanding the great obstacles to overcome.

The school has existed but four years, and now numbers sixty-four pupils, of ages varying from little ones, five or six years old, up to the age of adult life. A more modest, decorous and well-behaved collection of children was never brought together. With watchful eyes and attentive minds, each pupil seemed to realize his or her responsibility on the occasion, and to fulfill the part assigned with the utmost exactness and confidence, yet with wonderful modesty. From illustrations of primary instruction by a little misses to the closing act, "The Lord's Prayer," by little Pearl Harris, the programme was carried through without break or mistake, and to the astonishment of a wondering and admiring audience.

Surely the people of Malone have reason to indulge themselves in much pride at being permitted to hold within its limits, an institution so well ordered and of so humane a character, and with such a successful and efficient head as this institution shows Mr. Rider to be. It not only speaks well of him, but also of his accomplished and efficient assistants in the school. Let the citizens of Malone, see to it that the enterprise is sustained. —*Malone Palladium.*

### New England Gallaudet Association Notes.

Having noticed in "Nemo's" last letter, complaining of our slowness in giving notice regarding the convention in Vermont, and the Sunday services being inconvenient. I admit the notice was short, but we have nine weeks yet to prepare. Will nine weeks give him ample time to prepare? I believe he wants more time to make a good bombshell, so as to be sure of its explosion at the convention.

As to the Sunday services, it was agreed by a majority vote at one convention, previous to the last one, that any convention of the New England Gallaudet Association should be commenced on Sunday, on which day services should be held, therefore the Board has no power to suppress it.

Some pious deaf-mutes, who read "Nemo's" letter, said that it was the infidel, who thought it an inconvenience.

President W. H. Weeks has appointed Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Maine, to fill a vacancy, caused by the removal of Mr. C. F. Folsom to another State, as State Manager for Maine, which he accepted.

The Board has appointed Prof. W. H. Weeks to deliver a sermon on the evening of the 19th. of August, and Mr. William Bailey, of Beverly, to lead a conference (combined services) in the afternoon of the same day.

Dr. G. O. Fay, of Hartford, was appointed by the Board to interpret at the coming convention.

In a few days, a full programme will be given out, showing how State Manager, Mr. John T. Keefe, of Belknap Falls, worked for us. He deserves a high office at the next election, and to show our appreciation for his kindness, we must remember him.

GEO. C. SAWYER,  
Sec'y N. E. G. A.

### Two Days' Tour on a Tandem.

Last May 30th (Memorial Day), my sister and I left Lynn at sunrise for a two days' tour on a tandem for recreation. A tandem is more familiarly known as a double tricycle on which two persons can ride together. Our first dismount from our saddles was at South Framingham, a distance of 42 miles, where we took refreshments at our relatives, stored our machine and retired for the night.

On our way to the above place, we passed through Medford and visited the oldest house in America, over two centuries and a half. It was built in 1634, and is called the Cradock Mansion. The thick walls, heavily shuttered windows and the advantages of location as to repelling attack, indicate that it was erected partly at least as a defense against the Indians. The old house is still in a good state of preservation. Next day (31st) after a hearty breakfast, we felt refreshed after our night's rest, we mounted our saddles and continued onward after a day of steady pedalling, we arrived at Danvers, Mass., on a visit to our cousin. We passed the homestead of John G. Whittier, the noted octogenarian bard. It is located in a lonely spot surrounded by trees. But at present is not his place of abode. He spends his winter months in it, and his summer months in Amesbury, Mass. As we passed through some hamlets, some individuals stared at the machine in wonder, and finally inquired the name of it, to which I responded Lochinvar, to my satisfaction. When we arrived in Lynn, our cyclometer registered 112 1/2 miles traversed. But the machine was none the worse for the long run. Neither were we for our hundred miles a wheel. The following are the cities we passed through, which I can remember: Maplewood, Malden, Medford, Broadway, Chelsea, Boston, Natick, Wellesley, Newton, Waltham, Tapleville, Wakefield, Lynnfield, Danvers, Salem, Peabody, Marblehead and Swampscott.

It carried us in comfort over many a pleasant mile. And we who ride are satisfied completely with its style. So with a blithe economy establishments are run. With driver, footman, passenger and horses all in one. JOHN F. MACK.

### A RIOTOUS DEAF-MUTE.

There was quite a circus in the Noyes house last night. The chief actors were John F. Noyes, the proprietor, his barkeeper and Michael McMahon. McMahon is a deaf and dumb man, well known about the city. When in a normal condition, Michael is a quiet, inoffensive, agreeable chap, but when under the influence of the ardent he is very pugnacious and a terror to those who thwart him. He is powerful man, his build and strength being typical of the bull. Last evening before 9 o'clock he entered the Noyes house "under the influence," and wrote on a piece of paper a request for a drink. The barkeeper thought that he had already drunk more than was good for him, and refused to give him any more. This angered McMahon, and he proceeded to make a fuss over it. He decided that he would first remove the bar into the street to make room for him to clean out the shop. He had removed one end of the bar a foot or so when an attempt was made to eject him. He grappled with Mr. Noyes and bore him to the floor, striking him several times in the face. Mr. Noyes sounded a policeman's gong and Officer Plunkett responded. He put the twisters on McMahon but he broke them and got them, taking refuge in Emerson's cigar store where he is employed. Here he was found by Sgt. Davis and Officers Allen, Plunkett, Crowley and Hickson, and taken to the station. The rumpus attracted a large crowd to the scene and it was with difficulty that the officers cleared their way to the station. Mr. Noyes was quite badly bruised about the head and face by his assailant.

LATER.—The trial was a peculiar and lengthy one, as the evidence had to be written and shown the prisoner. He was found guilty of the assault, and sent four months to the jail.—*Lowell, Mass., Times.*

## ROUNDOABOUT NOTES.

RANDOM PENCILINGS ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE DEAF.

One distinguishing trait of the deaf, for which they deserve due credit, is their gratitude to those who have devoted their lives to the advancement and instruction of the deaf. This is attested in the beautiful monuments which they have erected to the memories of Gallaudet, Clerc and Burnett, and the proposed memorial to Peet. Probably the greatest of all these memorials will be that to Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, which, as we learn from the President and Secretary of the National Association, is to be unveiled on the occasion of the Third National Convention of Deaf-Mutes at Washington, in June, 1889. This event is certain to be the greatest of the kind in the annals of the deaf, and if the arrangements are properly conducted, it will bring together the most distinguished gathering of the deaf and other friends that the world has ever seen. This occasion will, we believe, also mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the National College, which, beginning with a few students, has enjoyed a most remarkable success, and is the most prominent exponent of the American or Combined System of deaf-mute education.

We most heartily agree with the editorial suggestion recently made that the orator at the unveiling ceremonies should be Mr. Robert P. McGregor. Not only is he a most fitting representative of the deaf of the country at large, but, moreover, as a graduate of the National College, and the first President of the National Association, his selection would be particularly appropriate. Coming from one of the greatest cities of the West and from a State distinguished for its progressive spirit, his selection would give universal satisfaction, and at the same time give due recognition to the National Association of which he has been a leading member from the outset. The Observer seconds his nomination, and trusts that the Executive Committee will display their wisdom by making this selection.

It is gratifying to note the success, which is attending that most deserving institution—the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, which, under the sagacious management of Mr. Clement R. Thomson, is doing such grand work for the deserving poor. It was particularly appropriate that when a new manager was to be selected, Mr. Thomson should have been the person decided upon. Not only has he worked in the way of collecting funds, but has not hesitated to use his own private means to aid the cause. There was a time, not very far by the past, when "Thomson and his brick plan" gave food for merriment among his intimate acquaintances. But he did not mind it a bit. His hobby was more than a mere joke, and when \$1,000 was actually collected, the laugh was on his side. If all the deaf would display the enthusiasm which this truly benevolent gentleman has shown, if they would give even a tithe of their means, the Home would soon be established on a firm foundation, and be all the sooner a credit to the deaf of the Empire State. Here, as is generally the case in efforts in behalf of the deaf, those honored names, GALLAUDET and PEET, are commingled and equally honored for self-sacrificing devotion to the Home, but it should not be forgotten that many other names, notably those of Mrs. Nelson, Messrs. Currier, Barnes, and scores of others, are working with the same object in view—the raising of the Home to a position, where, free from all debts and obligations, it shall stand a living monument to disinterested effort and philanthropic endeavor, in which the deaf have done their share. That its friends and supporters may live to enjoy the culmination of their hopes and labor, is the ardent wish of

THE OBSERVER.

Miss Clara Elizabeth McMillen died on Sunday evening, March 11th, in the 34th year of her age, after an illness of ten days. She spent eight years in the New York Institution. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached the funeral service and spoke many words of encouragement to the sorrowing mother.

### Bristol, Ct.

There will be a large Basket Picnic of deaf-mutes at Lake Compounce, near this town, on the 4th of July. All the mutes residing near this place are respectfully invited. Good time is anticipated.

J. P. MARSH,  
E. N. BOWEN, and others.

### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The following named gentlemen will deliver lectures at the hall of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

June, 27th, — Mr. John B. Hotchkiss.  
Sept. 30th, — Mr. John Wilkinson.  
Oct. 24th, — Mr. William G. Jones.  
Dec. 20th, — Mr. John F. O'Brien.

The transaction of business by members, story-telling, debates and lectures, takes place each week alternately. Admission, ten cents on each occasion.

GEO. L. RYLANDS, Chairman,  
SYLVANUS B. SMITH,  
Committee on Lectures and Debates.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments

June 24th,—Gambier.  
" 26th,—Cleveland, Confirmation.  
" 27th,—Dayton, O.  
" 30th,—Newark, Wis.  
July 1st,—Newark, Wis. Services A.M., P.M.  
" 3rd,—Marquette, Mich., 7:30 P.M.  
" 6th,—Mackinac, "  
" 8th,—Grand Rapids "



## NEW YORK.

### Strawberries and Cream.

### A WARM BUT ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

The C. L. & B. U. all ready for the Battle.

### A GLANCE AT THE EXCURSION.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The Guild of Silent Workers kept its promise, and gave the long-expected and much-asked-for strawberry festival, last Thursday evening. The attendance numbered some sixty couples, the sterner sex, as is usually the case, being in the majority. Through the evening, Mr. J. W. Stratton gave a Punch and Judy show in pantomime exhibition, five or six different acts, in a manner that evoked hearty laughter and well-deserved applause. He manipulated the pantomime of the figures, which complete the show with his forefingers and thumbs, and altogether presents a very amusing entertainment, and deserves much credit for having originated the idea of giving a Punch and Judy show in pantomime.

Professor Wm. G. Jones gave some of his own pantomimic exhibitions. "The Parson and his monkey" was repeated for the benefit of a few hearing people present, who had never seen it. With the addition of a choir, organ-master and several other characters, Prof. Jones succeeded in making it as much appreciated by those who had seen it before, as by the parties for whose especial benefit it was given. Later in the evening, he acted as general auctioneer in disposing of cakes that were left over from the culinary department of the festival, and succeeded in selling them off at reasonable prices, adding much to the receipts.

The strawberries and cream were cleverly managed by Miss Lizzie Brinck, assisted by Mrs. H. Bailey, Miss Price, Hatch, Smith, Berley, Stein, Strahle, Singer, Prins and "Aunt Dinah," Mrs. Simmons.

It was so warm that ice cream was a veritable luxury. On this occasion, however, as on many of a like nature, the ice cream barely included in quantity sufficient to make any perceptible sensation on ones palate, and this was to be regretted, considering the price of admission was thirty-five cents, with the additional ten cents for the trouble of having your hats checked. Many succeeded in keeping cool by ordering an extra plate of cream and strawberries at ten cents, but were served with a plate of strawberries and cream.

While one party was being served in the dining-saloon proper, the other party were amusing themselves in social converse in the large room. The warmth of the evening had the effect of making everybody keep quiet, and little hilarity prevailed. Those who had charge of the arrangements, acquitted themselves of their duties with admirable tact, and the receipts, over all expenses, realizing between thirty and forty dollars, goes to show a strawberry festival is a very profitable venture, and will do much for that charity in which the Guild is supposed to take an interest.

Among the many present were Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and their charming daughter, Miss Bessie Chamberlain, and lady friend, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Colt, J. N. Sansom, late of Washington, but now connected with the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls, this city, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Misses Maggie and Nettie Bothner and Mr. T. L. Lounsbury, Prof. T. F. Fox and Miss Myra Barager, Miss Caddie B. Felver and Mr. J. F. O'Brien, Miss Frankie Hawkins and Mr. G. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Misses Prudence Lewis, Howard, Herich, Mrs. Keilt, Misses Abel, Woodruff, and Messrs. Froehlich, Rose, LeClereq, Donohue, Singer, Sonnoborn, Godfrey, Senior, Reynolds, Alexander, Colby, and a score or so more whose names we leave for the next.

On the same evening occurred the meeting of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, Mister Brown, as Chairman of the Picnic Committee, held the attention of the members, and explained what had been further done towards the picnic, which takes place when the next issue of the JOURNAL is on its way to its numerous readers.

The medals were exhibited according to agreement, and are now at Spalding's Sporting Goods store on lower Broadway. They are spoken of as very neat and well made designs, and the large number of entries that have been since received for the various events give promise it will take the best men at their best speed to win them.

Apocops of the coming of the picnic, everybody who attends may expect to have an enjoyable time. From what is said, the Union has gone to great pains and expense to make the occasion eclipse any of its former entertainments, and, as they are well known for their liberality in catering to the entertainment of the public, a large showing should be the rule on the 28th. If only to see the games, the picnic will be worth attending, but besides that there will be numerous other attractions.

Saturday evening, a leetle German pand was quietly rehearsing its poem, pah, poem, pah, poem, in the large rooms of St. Ann's Sunday School. In adjoining apartment were gathered the magnates of the coming excursion for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home. Great fun was had at the expense of Antonio Capelli, who protests in having his first name spelled with a (y), and "Whooper-up Hutton perspired like a New York Bay porpoise in attending to the numerous details and explaining them to those present. Should eighteen good men, wielders of the buckskin and ash, decide, it would be to the glory of the event for them to form two baseball nines, represent New York and Brooklyn, and give folks at Cold Spring Grove an idea of how baseball should be played. It would be pleasing to see George Lucius Reynolds captain a bachelor's nine from over the bridge, with himself as short-stop, and I. N. Soper, captain another nine, representing New York. With Tom Brown as umpire, and the Hon. Albert Barnes as scorer, they would be apt to create a furore of excitement among the fair young ladies attending the excursion.

#### PICNIC OUTLOOKS

The five mile race will have a dark horse, who expects to over all records for that distance.

Tom Brown, Chairman, will wear a badge six inches long by four and a half inches wide, which, besides having the imprint of his high position, will have in each corner the initials "B. S."

A team in the tug-of-war will be known as Russell's team, and promises to give a good showing.

The 75-yards run will comprise some of our crack deaf-mute sprinters, and a great race is expected.

Mike McFaul captains the Fanwood Coaching Club's tug-of-war team, while Boss Kircher holds the tail end of the rope as anchor.

Alex. Dendorf is expected to be in the one mile walk, and looks forward to taking a gold medal home with him.

The number of pretty misses present will be so large, that the steadiest old bachelor will find himself at his wit's end deciding which is the prettiest.

Editor Hodgson will manipulate the blunderbuss, that has been made especially for the occasion to accommodate those competing in the races who are hard of hearing.

A feature of the 440-yards run will be the splendid and graceful running of Viscount Rose. Antonio Capelli and Fred Meinken mean to make him do his best to win.

A ball match will probably be contested between nines, representing Harlem and the lower part of the city.

Prof. Sause promises his selections in the musical line will excel any of his former efforts.

Park can be reached by the 2d and 3d Avenue "L," or surface roads, or by 6th and 9th Avenue to 125th Street, then by cross-town cars to 127th Street and Harlem River.

Theo. I. Lounsbury, of O'Brien & Lounsbury, has charge of the printing, and promises the dancing orders will excel any that have ever been seen at a deaf-mute entertainment.

Doors open at one o'clock. Games begin at three p.m. sharp. Tickets cost twenty-five cents each.

If you cannot come to see the games, come to see Bicyclist Stout in some of his fancy riding during intermission.

As to the rest, we expect to see a large gathering of belles and beaux of the metropolis, Brooklyn and Jersey City and suburbs, and are confident the picnic will entertain both young and old, great and small, and the Union bids all "Welcome."

NEW YORK, June 19, 1888.

#### DEATH.

Mary E. Green died of consumption, May 13th, 1888, aged 56 years, 9 months and 17 days. She was born in Lewistown, Greenwood Co., Pa., July 28th, 1830. She was educated at Philadelphia, Pa. Mary E. Green was married to F. A. Morrison by Rev. John Duncan, August 30th, 1863. She joined the M. E. Church near Troy, Ohio, in 1879 or 8, leading an exemplary christian life to the day of her death, leaving a husband and three children to mourn the loss of the mother. Mrs. F. A. Morrison died at her home near Lake Branch, Sunday, May 13th. The funeral was conducted by Bev. Fransworth, of Bellefontaine, O., and her remains were interred in Philadelphia Cemetery.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., June 10, '88.

#### NOTICES.

The deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., are asked to attend service at Trinity chapel next Sunday, June 24th, at eleven o'clock.

Service in Brooklyn, next Sunday, June 24th, at half past four, in St. Mark's Parish House on the west side of Adelphi Street between Willoughby and DeKalb Avenues.

#### FANWOOD ITEMS.

Madame Le Prince gives an "English Tea Party," at her residence, "Glen Cottage," on Saturday next.

The Valdeictorian, this year, is Frank M. Houck. The subject of his oration is "Deaf-Mute characteristics." Gibson McConnell and Richard Tweed are in training for the Athletic games on the 28th.

Commencement Day comes off on Tuesday next, June 26th. The chapel exercises will be preceded by an exhibition of the various industries, commencing at ten o'clock in the morning.

AQUILA.

## COLUMBUS.

### Vacation Preparations.

### TWO ENTERTAINMENTS.

#### A Death—Minor Notes.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Hot. Hotter.

Hottest day of the season. O! how we do swelter. But we are only paying the penalty for enjoying the delightful cool weather, which we have been having so far. If it keeps up till Tuesday, the chapel will be an oven, and how any body can sit out the entire program, which is unusually long, I do not know.

By the time this reaches your readers, all the pupils and most of the officers will be at their homes. The trunks have already been taken out, aired, and, such as needed it, patched up ready for the journey home. The examinations are over, every body feels relieved, and now comes the relaxation from the strain of the weeks of preparation, and no body feels like doing anything.

The Fay Society held its social at Johnson Hall, on High Street, last night. Despite the heat, it was a complete success socially and financially. The rooms were large and airy, affording a free circulation, and every body appeared in the best of spirits. The crowd numbered nearly one hundred, half of whom were the hearing friends of the members. The program consisted of a dialogue between Mr. McKeever and Miss Conover, a couple of stories in pantomime Mr. P. P. Pratt, and the recitation of "Guess what I have in my pocket," Miss Conover. Miss Pearl Harrison acted as interpreter for the hearing portion of the audience very acceptably. At the conclusion of the program, the strawberries, ice cream, etc., were served, and the company broke up into squads and couples, who occupied all the corners or circulated through the rooms until midnight. Among the mates from abroad, I noted Ed. Beggam, Alex. Dunn, C. C. Neuner and Albert Fox. Ex-Stewards Williams and Wakefield were there. At the meeting of the society, held last Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice and Wilson Stebelton were admitted as active members, and Mr. Wm. Shepherd and Mrs. E. Mingo as associate members. The next event that the Society is looking forward to with pleasing anticipations, is the picnic on the Fourth of July.

The Clionian Society held its last meeting last night. President Knowles delivered the address, and C. H. Cory the reply, after which the Society adjourned to the parlors on the "C" floor, where the members were joined by the officers and teachers and invited guests, and the time was spent in social intercourse. Refreshments were served and the company did not disperse till a late hour.

Alexander Bergfield, Chas. Robinson and James Smith came to-day. They will stay to witness the closing exercises.

Miss Belinda Maginnis is at present visiting her friends in the city. She is stopping at Mr. Patterson's.

Bob King is rejoicing over the advent of his third. It's a girl.

Joe. Leib came up from Findlay to take in the Social. He leaves to-night, but will return and remove his family to that enterprising town as soon as he can find a house to rent.

The death of Peter Leisz, at his home in Melville, Butler Co., on the 25th of May, is announced. Typhoid fever was the cause. He leaves a wife and three children.

The Anderson Society of Cincinnati gave an ice-cream and strawberry festival, on the 9th, but it was a failure, as very few attended it.

Miss Feasley, accompanied by Mrs. E. J. Scott, spent last Sunday at the home of her parents in Zanabesville.

Misses Miller and C. Burton, of Little Flich were drafted by the soldier boys, last Monday evening, to give an entertainment for the benefit of the Wells G. A. R. Post. They were very well received, and they do not object to being drafted some more.

The Trustees will meet on Wednesday, if most of them are not absent at the Chicago convention.

The painters are busy painting the walls of the courts, on the boys' and girls' sides, white. This will give the dining-rooms and chapel more light; something much needed.

M.

COLUMBUS, O., June 17, 1888.

#### ALBANY, N. Y.

The closing of the Association for the summer, which occurred on the 31st of May, has left your correspondent without the means of gathering news enough for your valuable paper, and this accounts for the long silence.

The Association closed with a large assemblage than was present since its organization, and we were honored by the presence of J. C. Ritter, of Troy, in behalf of the Troy Society.

The Association has decided to hold a picnic some time in July, and the place selected is Kinderhook Lake, in Columbia Co., N. Y. The date has not been decided upon yet, but great preparation is being made to make it a notable event in the history of deaf-mutes of Albany. The van of the vacation season has at last arrived, and

the young ladies and gentlemen from Rome are the first to put in appearance.

J. C. Cotter, the lumber hauler, is not at work a third of the week, and the ladies in the printing house, and bindery department, are also receiving the same fate.

C. F. Mull occupies his leisure time between meals and the diamond field. Phil Sharkey contemplates going to the Metropolis to drop in on closing day at the school.

George Smith, Rome School, and Peter Flinn, formerly of Buffalo Institute, are setting solid Brevier for the State Food Exhibition's Catalogue, an exhibition which will be held in this city next fall.

Miss Bella Dewillegar is the only lady who is still having steady work. She is employed on railroad tickets.

Messrs. Southwick and Mahoney are still at their jobs, but also expect a blue envelope.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sparrow will probably abandon their proposed intention of moving to New York, owing to the poor health of the latter.

Messrs. Held, Mull and Shanks, tramped out in the country one day last week, and had a pleasant time at a farm-house.

The deaf-mutes of Troy and vicinity, who well know the old Van Dengbergh couple of Crescent, will be pleased to hear that they are yet enjoying life, although being both far up into their seventieth year. The old lady is a remarkable weather prophet, and there is a peculiar trouble with her sometimes, and this is a sure indication that rain is coming along, a proof which seldom fails.

W. G. Shanks mourns the loss of a handsome Fox terrier that died a few weeks ago.

To all the graduates of the present term at *Alma Mater*, we extend God speed, and a happy life in their future.

ALBANIAN.

#### Malone Deaf-Mute Institution Examinations.

DEAR SIR:—We had the pleasure of attending the examinations of the above institution last Friday morning, which proved highly pleasing to those present, who appear to take a lively interest in the school and its progress.

The exercises opened with prayer by the principal, which was followed by examinations in Scripture lessons, in which all sectarianism was avoided.

The questions being handed to the pupils by the principal, none knowing which ones they were to answer; yet those answers came promptly written on blackboards, attesting careful training by the teachers and showing application and proper study by the pupils to conscientious and clearness of expression. The writing of many of the pupils was a source of admiration to the visitors present.

This class was followed by one of the youngest in the school. The exercises consisted of the language of signs and spelling. The pupils gave their answers promptly and correctly. A class of this description required upon the part of the teacher the utmost patience and untiring energy. In it is developed the power of correct observation, the proper use of the faculty of sight, in it, in fact, the first dawn of the mind, the lifting of the latch of the door leading to the temple of knowledge.

The visitors then passed into another classroom, where some of the pupils were young men, many being over twenty years of age. The examination of this class proved conclusively the great desirability of parents placing their children when young in an institution of this kind where habits of order, cleanliness and obedience are inculcated (not but that the young men were all this.)

It also proved the necessity there is for the speedy completion of the new building and the introduction of a proper technical training among these young men, and the fitting up of work-shops where they may be taught some useful occupation which would enable them to earn a living for themselves and become useful members of society and good citizens.

The more advanced classes were next in order, and testified to the ability and good training of their respective teachers and the care taken to direct the pupils' attentions to a system of practical mathematics and good compositions.

Many of the young lady pupils gave express testimony to the watchful care of Mrs. Rider, over the inmates of the school, stating in their compositions that Mrs. Rider often scolded them for careless and untidy habits. One pupil went so far as to acknowledge the beneficial effects in her short composition that this scolding made out of the pupils ladies and gentlemen. Well the institution cannot afford to lose Mrs. Rider's services, or we would suggest that Mrs. R. go out into the world—there is a vast mission field before her. At present her many friends pray for her recovery from her illness, and that she may go on in her useful work and be spared many days to the institution.

The examinations closed by an exhibition of the progress of the articulation class. We understand that this class has not been in existence long, but, judging from the progress made, the pupils appeared to give the trustees present the highest satisfaction, which must be very gratifying to its teacher.

The closing of a successful year, the reputation of the school as an efficient one for the physical, moral and intellectual training of deaf-mutes, must be both pleasing and encouraging to the superintendents and their efficient staff of teachers.—*Malone Farmer.*

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Apollo Social Club

### CLEANINGS OF A WEEK.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Roop, accompanied by Miss Blanche Cooley, went over to Ocean City, N. J., last Saturday. Mr. Roop returned here the following evening. Mrs. Roop and Miss Cooley will rusticate there as guests of the former's father, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Jos. A. Roop has removed to No. 1921 Ringgold Street, but he is for the present a "grass widower."

Messrs. Fred. W. Hewitt, Jos. A. Turner and H. Blankensee had a very highly appreciated time, visiting the Institution for the Deaf, and also the places of interest, in Trenton, N. J., last Sunday.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. William A. Caldwell delivered a very interesting lecture on the letter "I," as an individuality or egotism," before the Clere Literary Association, in St. Stephen's Chapel. His lecture was highly appreciated by all those who listened to it.

Mr. John Detweiler, of Plymouth, Pa., came to this city to visit his friends, and was seen taking a glimpse of the Institution at Broad and Pine Streets, last Friday afternoon.

A few days ago, while Mr. James S. Reider was crossing the street at 16th and Market Streets, he was knocked down by a horse attached to a wagon, but fortunately he was not run over, and got but a very little injury to his left jaw.

The Apollo Social Club members feel much disappointed to hear that Mr. J. A. Boland, '88, of the National Deaf-Mute College, will not be able to give them and their friends a lecture, on his way to Seranton, Pa., next week.

The Literary Entertainment of the Chirological Literary Society will be held in the Chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Friday evening, June 22d, 1888.

Mr. Wm. Henry Lipsett, President of the Apollo Social Club, again received a very kind letter from Mayor Hoffman, of Atlantic City, N. J., inviting the club to pitch a tent near the famous watering place, from July 7th until the 17th. About fifteen members of the club will stay in the tent from Saturday afternoon until Sunday evening, while about half a dozen members will handle the "day-light, and night air, and sea breeze," in the tent for nearly two weeks. Those six gentlemen will be pleasantly entertained or charmed by the flowery beauty of their sweethearts, who will be registered at the Elvord Cottage during the same period of time.

It is supposed that our Apollo Camp headquarters will be found by those friends, who expect to visit the seashore at that time, somewhere on the beach south from the city, or between the city and South Atlantic City. It will be remembered that the members, who are all males, will experience difficulties in cooking meals.

They and their lady friends expect to go out yachting sometimes on the wide and pathless ocean to catch, fish (if possible)—whales for their meals. All deaf-mutes who stop in Atlantic City, are cordially welcome to visit the Camp, whose members will do their best to entertain their visitors.

Misses Mary R. Pratt and Maggie Hoffman arrived here from Norristown this morning, and spent all the day visiting their friends Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy and Mrs. Cole. Miss Hoffman attended Rev. Mr. Syle's service in the afternoon. With her, Misses Katie Shieck and Messrs. Jones and Ferral paid a visit to the host and hostess. Misses Pratt and Hoffman went home at eight o'clock p.m.

Mr. Robt. Jackson was out on business, to Wilmington, Del., last Thursday, and returned here yesterday.

Messrs. Joseph A. Roop, Jacob C. Bell, and Stillwell, honored the Apollo Club with a visit last night.

The Special Business meeting of the C. L. A. will be held at St. Stephen's Chapel, on Thursday evening, June 21st.

THE RECORDER.

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, '88.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

John C. Acker is always delighted with the JOURNAL. He is an old High Class graduate of the New York Institution. He sets type in the well-known job printing office of E. R. Andrews, on Aqueduct Street. He hopes the convention of the Empire State Association, which is to be held in this city on the 29th, 30th and 31st of August, will be a grand success. We think the guests will be interested in the three grand falls, beautiful lakes, and in various amusements. Persons coming to the convention should have no less than thirty dollars to spend for all the needs and enjoyments.

Mr. Samuel De Young is a house painter, and has five children. His latest is a girl, which was born on Decoration Day.

Mr. Gibbs, of this city, is a carpenter by trade.

Mr. Martin D. Kandouch works in the finishing department of the cabinet-making establishment of Langslow, Fowler & Co. There are five mates in the same shop.

Rochester has about seventy-five deaf people.

Mr. William Hebing, an excellent graduate of the New York School, is a finisher in the cabinet-making establishment of Langslow, Fowler & Co., South St. Paul Street. He left the optical works a few months ago.

### Original Big Four Surprise Party.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It again becomes the pleasant duty of yours truly to chronicle a very pleasant entertainment, that took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney last week. Exactly one hundred and three mates and hearing persons availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the popular organization to spend a pleasant evening, and they all expressed themselves as satisfied with the way, everything was done in their behalf. The party met at the stately residence of Mr. H. Zorn, and precisely at nine o'clock, proceeded to the Sweeney abode, headed by a bass drum, presided over by Mr. H. C. Valentine, who banged away at it for all he was worth. Presently we arrived at the Sweeney mansion and demanded a night's fun. Among the many present we noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Finkelstern, Messrs. Odell, Colby, Ivynes, Greer, Vernon, Lyons, McKeranhan, Morris, Changnon, Wagele, Partington, Mooney, Bettels, Alexander, Wankowski, McMickle, Valentine, Holland, Pettit, Lloyd, Jr., Vetterlin, Haight, Stilwell, Stratton, Hanneman Bros., Conlin, Rogan, Martin, Solomon, Kohlmetz, Tresch, Ensle, and many others. Unconditional surrender for the rest of the evening, which was gracefully acceded to by the genial host and hostess, after learning what it was all about. The assemblage then settled down to enjoy themselves in every way possible, barring none. After the serving of refreshments, the fun was resumed and kept up all night. The party dispersed with the dawn of the next day, well pleased with it. Among the ladies were Misses Lyons, Morris, Ensle, Conley, Davenport, Zwink, Tyner, Davenport, Changnon, Marting, Lloyd, Sturmwald, Lungwitz, Abel, Knopf, Schlanner, Williams, and many others.

#### SHOE-LASTER.

#### Finger Speech.

Oriental traders on the coast of Africa have been compelled, in order to avoid the interference of lookers-on, to adopt a sign language. Walking through a market-place in this region of the world, the traveler will often witness a strange sight. Two grave, long-bearded Arabs, will step aside, each will put his hand up the other's capacious sleeve, and the pair will then begin apparently to pinch each other's fingers for a few minutes. Often the performance will be varied. One will unroll his long turban cloth, or perhaps lift up his long mantle and then cover his hand, and concealed beneath this, the pinching of the fingers will proceed as before.

The initiated know that this is a method of bargaining by means of a code of finger speech understood by eastern traders from Arabia and northern Africa to the borders of Persia. It has been adopted in the first instance for a simple reason. In the east, especially along the coast of the Red sea, Zanzibar and southern Arabia all business is transacted in the open air.

In all such transactions the bystanders, idlers, riffraff and meddlesome busybodies generally contrive to have a good deal to say, tendering their advice to both buyer and seller. The unwritten etiquette of the east requires that such friendly counsel be not resented.

But the merchants and dealers find it an unlimited nuisance and a great hindrance to business, so they have adopted a certain code of finger signs, which they exchange when bargaining, with their hands concealed under their sleeves or turban cloth.

Each finger and each joint of a finger represents a certain figure. So the pair can bargain by the hour—as they often do—to their hearts' content, and none of the noisy and gaping busybodies around them, be any the wiser of it.—*St. James Gazette.*

#### Kansas Items.

Not a mute has been seen in Salina, since spring made its appearance. Salina is a good city for mutes to come and work, should the boom continue. She has a population of 12,000.

Having met other mutes' friends while at work, I will write what they said.

A Mr. Sullivan, living on a farm, ten miles south of Salina, is a married man.

From the *Daily Herald* here, I will copy as follows: Ernest Anderson, a mute, was arrested three weeks ago, and would have to explain what now appears to be some crooked dealing. It seems that Anderson, while stopping in the city some time ago, lost a draft on a Kansas City bank, and before yesterday presented a duplicate with his endorsement to the First National Bank of this city, which was cashed. The duplicate was forwarded to Kansas City, and payment refused as the original check with Anderson's endorsement had been presented and paid. The facts were made known to Mr. Anderson, and he was requested to return the money. This he refused to do, and hence he was arrested. Later—The next morning after his arrest, he returned all the money, but said that there was no crooked dealing, and then he was released.

CACTUS, JR.

## BOSTON.

### Our Annual Festival.

### DEAF-MUTES IN THE MINORITY.

Financial Success—Net Result of \$21.35.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

If you were there, you know we had a good time, and if you were not there, you have lost the memory of a pleasant evening. The Annual Strawberry Festival in aid of the Gallaudet Society of Deaf-Mutes was held in the vestry of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., which proved a financial success as well as a social and very pleasant occasion. The vestry was well filled, and we were glad to note a number of new faces. About sixty mates participated, but much to our astonishment, the number of hearing persons was over eighty. The members of the Society felt proud of it, because the attendance of the hearing guests was the largest one we ever had in the city. The programme opened with a piano solo by Mr. Smith, the organist of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Its rector, Rev. Mr. Prescott, gave a hearty welcome to the mutes, and made good remarks regarding the welfare of the Gallaudet Society to make the hearing of the audience better acquainted with the doings of the Society. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain added some advice as to work for the Society in the future. The following brief address of welcome was made in signs by the President of the Society, who expressed his pleasure at having such a festival quite prominently before the audience, while Rev. Mr. Chamberlain officiated as interpreter. At the conclusion of the programme, the invocation of a blessing was made by the reverend minister who made clear and graceful signs and when interpreting for a deaf-mute, spoke orally and seemed to catch ideas from the flying fingers or signs with ease, as judging by the appreciative looks of those of the hearing persons. Refreshments, ice-cream and berries, were served at a table, which were relished by all. Mrs. Geo. P. Lockwood, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and Mrs. Jennie P. Wise and Mrs. Frisbee and Miss Carlton, deserve credit for the very able manner in which they performed the difficult duties of their positions. Not a single thing was overlooked that would promote the pleasure or comfort of the guests. Among the games being indulged in, was the "Dumb Band," which seemed to be the most amusing to the hearing. The prize of a box of straw-berries offered for the ladies, was captured by Mrs. Bigelow, of Chelsea, and that of the same kind for the gentlemen, was carried away by her husband. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most pleasant manner socially. The ladies express their desire to tender thanks to those who assisted them so nicely. The donations of Mr. H. D. Ellis, Superintendent of the Central Square Baptist Church (Cambridgeport), who has always felt interested in the society since its organization, and Rev. Mr. Prescott and Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, were acknowledged with much pleasure. The net result is twenty-one dollars and thirty-five cents, (\$21.35.)

MATFLOWER.

June 18, '88.

#### Louisville, Ky.

Bob Hartman, who has had his leisure for about two months last week, secured a good situation at the George Fetter Printing Company. Instead of leaving for another city to get work, he will stay here as long as that firm keeps him. We wish him success.

After the introduction of the stuffing machine, Amos Gadbury lost his employment, but was fortunately put in the sewing department to learn to sew horse-collars and did that kind of work with dexterity. On account of the dull business here, he was compelled to lay off for some weeks, but expects to work again next month.

Robert Gaither, who worked in the car works in Jeffersonville, Ind., is now out of employment, and does not know how long it will take him to find another place.

Last Sunday, two of the deaf-mutes erect out of the Bible Class room about five minutes before we dispersed. It was found that they were going to



## CONNECTICUT.

Rev. Mr. Anson Colt will preach to the mutes, the morning at St. Paul's Church, and the afternoon at Christ Church, next Sunday.

Capt. Mort Seaman is selling sea-food, besides working at his trade in the factory. He seems to like the former business better than his job in the shop. A few days ago, he slipped and fell off the deck of a sailing vessel. He got "cool."

Bridgeport is to have a grand celebration on the Fourth of July. It is believed that a good many mutes from out of town will come to Bridgeport on that occasion.

Mr. W. H. Meann and his sweet wife returned home after having had a pleasant wedding trip. They will take a two weeks' vacation after the Fourth of July, and shall take a trip up the Naugatuck Valley. They reported having had an enjoyable time at the Hartford Deaf and Dumb School, where they were spending their visit. Several favorable charges were noticeable in nearly department.

The Institution is situated on a beautiful place, and it is a very pleasant place at a visit.

Mr. Fred Rock, of Hartford, had the misfortune of having a toe smashed by a fellow in the shop where he works. It became swollen, and the doctor thought it would be necessary to cut it off, but Mrs. Rock faithfully applied some remedy to the injured member, and it became better. The doctor was surprised to see it getting well. Mrs. Rock saved her husband's toe. Mr. Rock weighs over two hundred pounds, and, as he has had the experience, he will know how to avoid stepping on and smashing the toe of another person.

Miss Edith Marshall, who is a seamstress at the Hartford School, instead of coming home to Bridgeport, will take a flying trip to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. She will be home in the latter part of the month of August.

Miss Lizzie Green, the assistant matron at the Hartford School, came to Bridgeport with her affectionate sister to visit a large carpet factory and an institution four weeks ago. They reported having had a fine time. Miss Lizzie Green will spend vacation along the coast in Massachusetts.

Any mute in Connecticut will do a noble act in trying to find out uneducated children, and then sending their parents' address to Mr. Job Williams, the Principal of the Hartford Asylum.

Some friends of Mr. and Mrs. Meann wanted to know what wedding presents they have got. So the following names of each present and its donor are given: Mr. Gardiner, dinner set of 120 pieces; Mr. Ross, tea set of 120 pieces; Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Garnsey, two plush chairs; Mrs. Billing, steel silver-plated knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, Breakfast set; Mr. Devay, silver tea spoons; Mr. Soper, lemonade set; Mr. Ruland, silver cream spoon; Mr. Axt, silver tea spoons and two fancy towels; Miss Bourek, parlor plush chair tidy; Mr. Muth, fruit dish and cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Ford, lemonade set; Mr. and Mrs. Leek, colored cut glass saucer and jelly dish; Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, colored cut glass saucer and jelly dish; Bonnis & Biltz, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell, silver pickle dish; Mr. and Mrs. Ferritt, water set; Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, silver fruit knives; Mrs. Gillette, oxidized silver sugar spoon; Miss Schortman and brother, silver pickle dish; Mr. Abrams, silver sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Haviland, costly vases; Miss Axt, pickle dish; Mr. and Mrs. Beers, small tea set; Miss Derham, two large pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Marting, table cover; Mr. Beach, thermometer; Mr. Southwick, silver sugar tong; Mrs. Wilson, counterpane and napkins; Mrs. Blair, four pieces of towel; and Mr. Church, fancy bottle of perfume.

## Tarts.

Well made tarts are very dainty, and form an acceptable change from pies. The English tart, so famous in that country, is baked in a deep dish, covered with an upper crust only, while ours is the reverse; an under crust is used, and the fruit is stewed with sugar before being put in the crust. The best puff paste should be used for, rolled very thin, baked in small pans, then filled with jam, jelly or cream.

Cream Tarts.—Make thin puff paste, cut small, bake and fill with whipped cream, on which drop a spoonful of acid jelly.

Cherry Tarts.—Line patty pans with puff paste, stone the cherries, stew with sugar; add a teaspoonful of flour to a pint of cherries; fill the shells and bake in a quick oven; remove from the oven, dust with powdered sugar.

Apple Tarts.—Boil ten large tart apples, beat smooth, and add the yolks of six eggs, and the juice and rind of two lemons, half a cup of butter, one and a half cups of sugar; beat all together and line small tins with puff paste, fill with the mixture bake five minutes. Cover the top with meringue and bake.

Strawberry Cream Tarts.—Line patty pans with paste, bake, fill with stewed strawberries; stir half a teaspoonful of corn starch into half a teacup of milk with the beaten whites of two eggs, and two tablespoons of white sugar; set on the stove and stir until thick and smooth, let cool and add half a teacup of whipped cream, beat, and pour over the tarts. Raspberries or other small fruits may be used instead of strawberries.

Lemon Tarts.—Line pans with paste. Squeeze the juice from four lemons, grate the rind of two; add the yolks of six eggs and the whites of two; add a pound of granulated sugar; place in a small pan or a kettle of boiling water; stir until a thick paste is formed. Fill the shells and bake in a quick oven. Cover with meringue and set in the stove three minutes.

Almond Tarts.—Beat to a cream the yolks of three eggs, and a quarter of a pound of sugar; add half a pound of shelled almonds pounded; put in tart tins lined with puff paste; bake ten minutes.

Cocoanut Tarts.—Dissolve half a pound of sugar in a pint of water; add a pound of grated cocoanut and boil. Let cool; add the well-known yolk of three eggs and the white of one; beat all together and pour in tart tins lined with puff paste.

Preserver Tarts.—Roll very thin some puff paste, cut in round pieces; lay jam or jelly over the paste; wet the edges with white of an egg, and close them; lay on a baking sheet, ice and bake fifteen minutes.—*Courier-Journal.*

## Usefulness of the Phonograph.

The improvements in the phonograph have now been carried to such a degree of perfection that the instrument is practically ready for general introduction. Undoubtedly means will be hit upon from time to time to enhance the value and efficiency of the phonograph, but it stands today, in our opinion, far more practical and complete than was the typewriter when first brought out and placed on the market. Back of all the tall talk and exaggeration on the subject, for which the daily press is chiefly responsible—certainly not those who are introducing it—is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, is the wonder—wonder it is—that not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated in countless electrotypes.

We may be wrong, but not greatly, in believing that this century will be memorable above others because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for the voice whose gentle greeting could be heard no more; and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each elusive tone and accent now has conferred on it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass.—*Electrical World.*

## The Sanitary Farmer.

Afraid of the possibility of arsenical poisoning, he prefers the white-washed wall to paper of any color. His cellar is light and dry, no mold discernable, nor any evidence of vegetable or animal decomposition, and is whitewashed also. He, or rather his wife, does not suffer the offal from the kitchen to be thrown out of door or window, but it is carried to the sty, which, with the barn and manure heap, are on a considerably lower level than the house or well, fearing to jeopardize the integrity of the water.

Disliking bad smells and careful of his well, he avoids the pit for his out-house and provides a stout box, properly placed, and periodically removed and emptied of its contents, which is covered with dry earth previously supplied in quantity sufficient for constant use. He finds the combination a good and economical fertilizer, and, looking to the comfort of the females of his family, has as an annex to his house a similar arrangement for them, unwilling to expose them to the vicissitudes of the weather. He is a sanitary farmer; his wife an able coadjutor; she says soap and water are excellent disinfectants; that cleanliness is as good for man as it is desirable for beasts.—*Home and Furner.*

## The Composition of Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone when sufficiently mixed with water seems incapable of such consolidation.—*Public Opinion.*

## Not Hard To Hit.

The following anecdote admits of wide and varied application. Most of us can apply it to ourselves if we will. It was a story of a minister who, preaching in the pulpit of a brother clergyman, said some strong things about racing and fast horses.

He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him."

In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said, "I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it."

"Oh, never mind," said the man. "It is a poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."—*Youth's Companion.*

## Must Toil for a Living.

Nature has in this revealed to man the teaching that in the sweat of the brow shall he eat bread—that is, shall he live a healthy life. None can escape the condition, though thousands live in the hope of escaping it by putting by money, and many are thought to have escaped it by the inheritance of accumulated wealth. Nature insists on the condition, whether men are obliged to toil for a living or possess already a competence. In the sweat of his brow the laborer gains his bread, and not his bread alone, but the power of eating and enjoying it. The rich man who has no occasion to toil for a living, if he is unwise enough not to labor for his health's sake, finds in the matter which his sweat glands should have excreted a poison sapping the vital energies which can alone make his bread to him "the staff of life"—*Professor Proctor.*

The most picturesque potentate in Europe is the baby King of Spain, who has just cut his first teeth. He is a very large child for his age and has the face of an old man. He is to be left entirely to the care of women until he is seven years of age, when a tutor and masters will take charge of him until he is sixteen. At that age he will supersede the Queen Regent at the head of the Spanish Government.

## EIGHTH SEASON Grand Festival and Games

OF THE

Catholic Literary & Benevolent Union

(of Deaf-Mutes)



Thursday, June 28, 1888,

AT

HARLEM RIVER PARK

127th Street and 2d Avenue!

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 25 cents each.

PROGRAMME.  
75 yards run (handicap) Open to all.  
440 yards run (handicap) Open to deaf-mutes only.  
One-half mile run Open to all.  
One mile walk Open to all.  
Tug of War (team of four—not to exceed 600 lbs. Open to all deaf-mutes of the United States.  
Five mile race Open to deaf-mutes only.

Handsome gold and silver medals will be presented to the winners (first and second) in each event, excepting the Tug of War. A valuable pin will be presented to each of the winning team.  
Entrance fee for each event, 50 cents. Tug of War, \$3 each.  
Entries close June 15th. To be sent by Registered letter or Post-office money to either John P. O'Brien, 207 Lexington Avenue, New York City, or John Lloyd Jr., 2254 Third Avenue, Harlem, New York City.

The Union will put forth every effort to make the event eclipse any of a like nature ever held heretofore, and no expense or pains will be spared by the Committee of Arrangements to further this end.

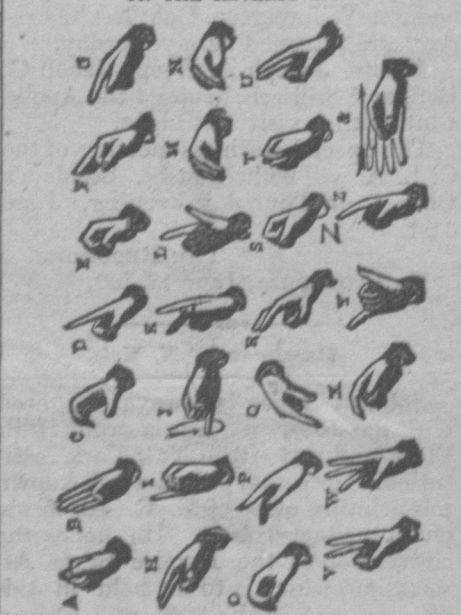
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.  
THOS. W. BROWN, Chairman.  
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## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

## BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 128 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Jacob Swartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Bataille, 2d Vice-President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; Thos. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. A. Bond, No. 158 Coneslysa Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the room above the entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shanks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, R. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 253 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third, and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

## CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors can be invited by members. Its officers are: Arline Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

## CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Chestnut Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2d Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. W. Miles is President, Wm. C. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a charitable nature, and to assist the poor in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meetings come every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Miss Bertha G. Petersen; Secretary, Mrs. George A. Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Rudolph. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

## DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankenstein, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

## DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Union Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

## EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 220 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P.M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Elam Will, President, 228 Ferry Street; C. Dolory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. L. Pach, Secretary, Address, 220 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

## GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday. The officers for 1888 are: Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orenti, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

## GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission holds services in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers for 1888 are: Willie B. White, President; Benjamin; Willie A. Deering, Secretary; Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

## PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and their friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—step by step. The officers are: C. E. Austin, Vice-President; E. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhaus, Secretary; and C. L. Buchanan, Treasurer. Secretary's address is 839 N. Clark St.

## (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings at 219 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 31 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 2020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE EPIPHATHIA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Epiphathia Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers takes place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club, on 18 Essex St., by applying to the President, or to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Brown, Vice-President, Edward Duran, Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley; Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Magee and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Epiphathia Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Buscom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, 188 Fort Hill Square, Boston, Mass., Secretary; L. A. Leavitt, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut; and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

### THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Carter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. The Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 3 rear of Mansfield Block. Its regular services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Harry P. Chapman, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 7:30 P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Epée C. D. M. A., has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. McNeil, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M., at 70 East Seventh Street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; C. E. Austin, Vice-President; J. F. Riley, Secretary; Fred Brant, Treasurer. Business meetings or lectures and story telling may be held on any week evening by a vote. Strangers of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 20 Fillmore Ave., West St. Paul, Minn.

### THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every second Saturday, at residences of its members. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: John R. Laughlin, President; Edward Paxton, Vice-President; Mrs. Annie Greeley, second Vice-President; Joseph A. Mackerray, Treasurer; Peter Wearo, Secretary. All strangers of good behavior are invited to attend. Address all communications to John R. Laughlin, 1715 Campbell Street, Kansas City, Mo.

## THE DE HAERNE ASSOCIATION.

This Association being a branch of the De l'Epée Association, has for its object the spiritual and temporal advancement of its members. Like the De l'Epée Association, it offers the advantages of a real beneficial association. Only Catholics can be admitted into it. For further particulars, apply to the President. The officers are: Jerome S. al Director, Rev. E. V. Lebreton, K. H. S. of Philadelphia; President pro tem, Mr. P. Moylie, 1015 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.

### WESTERN PENNA PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relative to the meeting should be addressed to the Committee, H. H. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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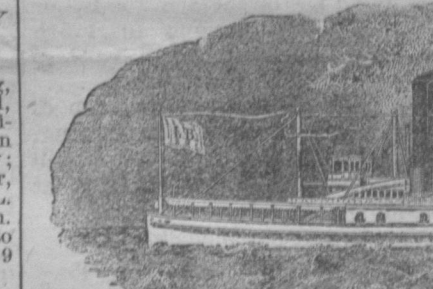
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